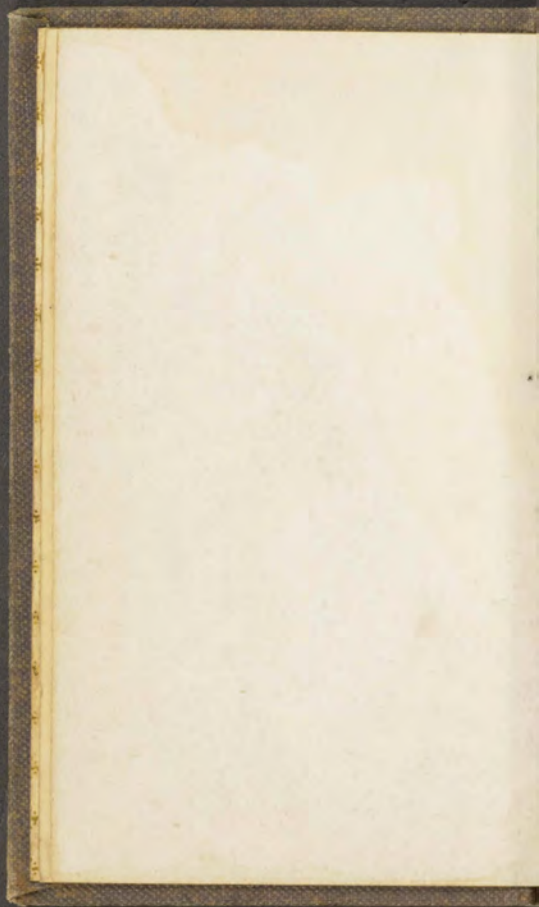


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THE

# LADIES' CASKET;

CONTAINING

A GEM, TOGETHER WITH ITS SENTIMENT,  
AND A FETTERAL DESCRIPTION, FOR  
EACH DAY IN THE WEEK, AND  
EACH MONTH IN THE YEAR.

BY F. WILSON HANSON.

In every little gem  
Instruction doth reside;  
There's naught so great, there's naught so small,  
But in, and through, and over all,  
God, Wisdom, Truth, abide. F. W. H.

LOWELL:

MERRILL AND HEYWOOD.

BOSTON: B. B. MUSSET.

1847.



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THE  
LADIES' CASKET;

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BY J. WESLEY HANSON.

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Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1846, by  
**MERRILL AND HEYWOOD,**  
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

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Stereotyped by  
**GEORGE A. CURTIS;**  
NEW ENGLAND TYPE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY.

## P R E F A C E .

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THE LADIES' CASKET does not seek to accomplish a great work. The author of the book has sought to collect the different minerals into a succinct catalogue, and to present with them certain sentiments and poetical excerpts. The title would indicate that gems alone are contained therein. Such is not the fact. Although most of the *gems* are mentioned, yet many common minerals, not recognized as precious, are treated upon.

In order to render the book interesting, he has divided it into twelve parts, or months. He has, as he judges, given the best poem extant on each of these months, (excepting that on July, which he was forced to write, not finding one among the poets,) and has given to each day in the week a particular mineral, with the sentiment thereto belonging, in poetic numbers; so that every day in the year may be said to own a gem in this CASKET.

It is designed that the book shall be regarded as a sort of Oracle, into which the curious may look and read the prophetic history of each day.

It will also be interesting for those, who, from time to time, gather in social intercourse, to ascertain each other's birth-day, and amuse themselves, by supposing that the sentiment of any given gem will express the character, or prospects, of him or her who was born on the day to which the specified gem is dedicated.

The author cannot apologize. He can only hope that those who read, may find as much harmless amusement as he has experienced in compiling, and with this wish he bids his book—Go!

J. W. H.

TO  
MISS HARRIOT CURTIS,  
AND  
MISS HARRIET FARLEY,  
THE FAIR CONTROLLERS OF THE  
LOWELL OFFERING,  
THIS BOOK,  
WITH THE BEST WISHES OF ITS COM-  
PILER, IS RESPECTFULLY  
DEDICATED,  
By their Cordial Friend,  
The Author.

"Of making many books there is no end;"

And yet abroad another book I send;

"*Why do you send?*" Bless me, how *can* you ask it?  
Because there is none like the LADIES' CASKET!

J. W. H.



Handwritten text in a cursive script, likely a letter or a page from a manuscript. The text is arranged in several paragraphs, with some lines indented. The ink is dark, and the paper shows signs of aging and discoloration. The left margin contains some faint, possibly printed, text that is mostly illegible.

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S P R I N G .

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Spring is i=cumen in,  
Thude sing cuccu;  
Groweth sed, and bloweth med,  
Sing cuccu, cuccu.

A. D. 978. Norman Saxon.

---

The Spring is here — the delicate-footed Spring,  
With her slight fingers full of leaves and flowers,  
And with her comes a thirst to be away,  
Wasting in wood-paths her voluptuous hours —  
A feeling that is like a sense of wings,  
Restless to soar above these perishing things.

N. P. WILLIS.

## M A R C H .

THE stormy March is come at last,  
With wind, and cloud, and changing skies;  
I hear the rushing of the blast,  
That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah! passing few are they who speak,  
Wild, stormy month, in praise of thee;  
Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,  
Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou to northern lands again  
The glad and glorious sun dost bring,  
And thou hast joined the gentle train,  
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.

And, in thy reign of blast and storm,  
Smiles many a long, bright, sunny day,  
When the changed winds are soft and warm,  
And heaven puts on the blue of May.

Then sing aloud the gushing rills,  
And the full springs, from frost set free,

That, brightly leaping down the hills,  
Are just set out to meet the sea.

The year's departing beauty hides  
Of wintry storms the sullen threat;  
But, in thy sternest frown, abides  
A look of kindly promise yet.

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies,  
And that soft time of sunny showers,  
When the wide bloom on earth that lies,  
Seems of a brighter world than ours.

W. C. BRYANT.



## SUNDAY.

Bohemian Garnet.—{ HOPE IN  
SORROW.

THE lowering clouds are frowning dark and fearful;  
The storm-king's chariot rusheth swiftly by;  
The frightened birds, their bright eyes sad and tear-  
ful,

Are wheeling o'er thee with a plaintive cry;—  
Loud, whistling winds rend from the parent tree  
The green abundance of its drapery.

How darkly gloom the funeral clouds around thee!  
Bereft of light, how awful is the day!  
Is there no brightness in the glooms that bound thee?  
Hath Day, affrighted, fled him far away?  
Beyond yon clouds the gleaming sun is shining, —  
For "each dark cloud unrolls a silver lining!"

Maiden! when o'er the solemn waves of life  
The storm-god spreads his ever-blackening  
shrouds,  
When the fierce elements engage in strife,

And thunders shout above th' o'erhanging  
clouds,  
Look up in faith! Behold the sun's clear shining!  
"EACH SABLE CLOUD UNROLLS A SILVER LINING!"

J. WESLEY HANSON.





## M O N D A Y.

Felspar.—{ I THINK OF  
THEE.

I THINK of thee when Morning shineth,  
    Arrayed in diamond dew-drops bright ;  
And when gray-sandaled Eve reclineth  
    Upon the lap of dusky Night.

When the fierce day-god's burning fire  
    Baptizeth all the weary land, —  
When Night displays her starry tiar,  
    Thou ever art at my right hand !

When o'er rude Ocean's sleeping waters  
    The moon her lambent chain doth bind,  
Or when old Neptune's wave-born daughters  
    Play with the tresses of the wind !

When Spring's first flowers were wreathed around  
    me,

Or Winter howled along the plains,  
Thy presence like a spell hath bound me, —  
Thy spirit held my soul in chains.

I think of thee when, lonely straying,  
I wander forth, sad, mournfully, —  
And when to HIM my soul is praying,  
That soul doth pause — to think of thee!  
But pain and sorrow, grief and sadness,  
May never more my spirit see;  
For thou hast wreathed my soul in gladness,  
And evermore I'll think of thee!

J. W. H.



## TUESDAY.

## Chlorophane.—{LONGING.

I WOULD that I were

A voiceless sighe,

Floating thro' ayre

When thy beautie draws nighe;

Unperceived I would steal o'er thy cheekes of downe,

And kiss thy lips unchecked by a frowne.

I would that I were

A dying tone,

To dwell on thine eare

Tho' the music were gone;

I would charm thy hearte with my latest brethe,

And yield thee pleasure e'en in my death.

I would I might passe

From this living tombe

Into the violets

Sweetest perfume :

On the wings of the morning to thee I would flye,

And mingle my soul with thy sweetest sigh.

ANONYMOUS.—1593.

## WEDNESDAY.

Hypersthene.—{ FULL OF  
ATTRACTIVEIONS.

A HUNDRED pretty little loves in fun,  
Were romping, laughing, rioting one day,—  
“Let’s fly a little, now,” said one. — “Pray  
Whither?” “To this maid’s face.” “Agreed—’t is  
done.”

Faster than bees to flowers they wing their way  
To loveliest flowers,— they to this loveliest one;  
And to her hair and panting lips they run,  
Now here, now there, now everywhere they stray.

This maid, so full of loves,— delightful sight!  
Two with their torches in her eyes,— and two  
Upon her eyelids, with their bows alight;—  
One love that found no room while there he flew,  
Fell down into her bosom with delight;—  
“Who fares the best now?” cried he — “I or you?”

ZAPPI, (ITALIAN.)

## THURSDAY.

Topaz.—{ UNCHANGING  
AFFECTION.

Thou loving, hoping, trusting heart,  
Beating in Woman's breast !  
How hardly will thy hope depart !  
But once transfixed by sorrow's dart,  
How sorely bleeds the festering smart, —  
How canst thou ever rest ?  
Round the dear object of thy love,  
Let storm and deepest darkness move, —  
Let scorn and hate from all divide  
Thine idol from thy beating side, —  
And thou wilt cling in gloom and light,  
(Nor fear the bitter scorn of men,)  
To him who is thy soul's delight ; —  
Thou wilt not leave him, when  
All other hearts have left his view,  
If to thy heart he standeth true.  
But shall it e'er to thee be known,  
That from thee all his love is flown, —

Once feel the blighting, withering thought,  
With pain, and woe, and anguish fraught,  
That he hath sought another shrine,  
Nor longer worshipping at thine; —  
Farewell to Hope! Welcome Despair,  
And all the pain of cark and care!

Life is a foe, and Death a friend,  
And thou would'st go with rapture where  
Life and its woe shall end! —  
So does that flower the Sun's bright bride,  
Turn all the day her golden eye  
Eastward or westward, towards that side,  
Where, on the purple sky,  
The Sun,—bright god,—in grandeur marches  
Through heaven's golden-gilded arches!  
And when beneath the western wave  
He sinketh in his nightly grave,  
The love-lorn flower's weary eye  
No longer gazeth on the sky;  
It bends as though with Autumn's blight,  
And weeps through all the lonely night!  
And should the sun no more return, —  
Should he no longer deign to burn, —

Should he his mighty stallions keep  
In the green chambers of the deep,  
And there, in Neptune's jewelled halls,  
Visit no more earth's cheerless walls, —  
Would not that flower, that all the day  
Followed him in his glorious way,  
And now at night looks downward weeping  
Where he is 'neath the green earth sleeping,  
Soon mourn itself, with grief, away,  
And bloom no more on earth, I pray ?  
So, maiden, would you live and die  
In love's dark night of agony !

J. W. H.





## FRIDAY.

Jasper Opal.—{ UNASSUMING  
BEAUTY.

GENTEEL in personage,  
Conduct and equipage,  
Noble by heritage,  
    Generous and free ;  
Brave, not romantic,  
Learned, not pedantic,  
Frolic, not frantic,  
    This must be she.

Honor maintaining,  
Meanness disdaining,  
Still entertaining,  
    Engaging and new ;  
Neat, but not finical,  
Sage, but not cynical,  
Never tyrannical,  
    But ever true.

## SATURDAY.

Agate.—{ YOU ARE HOMELY, BUT  
YOU EXCEL.

WITHOUT X S she does X L alway —

Ah me! it truly vexes 1 2 C

How soon so D R a creature may D K,

And only leave behind X U V E!

Whate'er 1 0 to do she does discharge,

So that an N M E it might N D R;

Then why an S A write? then Y N?

Or with my briny T R S her B R B D W?

When her piano 4 0 she does press,

Such heavenly sounds do M N 8, that she,

Knowing her Q, soon wins U 2 confess

Her X L N C in an X T C.

Her hair is soft as silk, not Y R E,

It gives no Q nor yet 2 P to view;

She is not handsome, — shall I tell U Y?

U R 2 know — 1 I is all S Q.

## A P R I L.

WHEN the warm sun, that brings  
Seed-time and harvest, has returned again,  
'Tis sweet to visit the still wood, where springs  
The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well,  
When forest-glades are teeming with bright forms,  
Nor dark and many-folded clouds, foretell  
The coming on of storms.

From the earth's loosened mould  
The sapling draws its sustenance and thrives ;  
Though stricken to the heart with winter's cold,  
The drooping tree revives.

The softly warbled song  
Comes from the pleasant woods, and colored wings  
Glance quick in the bright sun, that moves along  
The forest openings.

When the bright sunset fills  
The silver woods with light, the green slope throws

Its shadows in the hollow of the hills,  
And wide the upland glows.

And when the eve is born,  
In the blue lake, the sky, o'er-reaching far,  
Is hollowed, and the bright moon dips her horn,  
And twinkles many a star !

Inverted in the tide,  
Stand the gray rocks and trembling shadows throw,  
And the fair trees look over, side by side,  
And see themselves below

Sweet April ! many a thought  
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed ;  
Nor shall they fail, till, to its Autumn brought,  
Life's golden fruit is shed.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

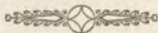


## SUNDAY.

Beryl.—{ I LONG FOR  
YOU.

TRANQUIL and effortless thou glidest on,  
As doth the swan upon the yielding water,  
And with a cheek like alabaster cold!  
And as thou dost divide the amorous air,  
\* \* \* \* and dost lift  
That veil of languid lashes — lady! then  
My heart springs in within that fringed veil,  
Like an adventurous bird that would escape  
To some warm chamber from the outer cold!  
And there would I delightedly remain,  
And close that fringed window with a kiss,  
And in the sweet warm chamber of thy breast  
Be prisoner forever!

N. P. WILLIS.



## MONDAY.

Diamond Spar.—{<sup>MENTAL</sup>  
EXCELLENCE.

It is not beautie I demande,

A crytalle browe, the moones despaire,  
Nor the snowes daughter, a whyte hand,  
Nor mermaydes yellow pryde of hayre.

Give me insteade of Beauty's buste,

A tender heart, a loyal minde,  
Which with temptation I could truste,  
Yet never linked with errour finde ;—

One in whose gentle bosom I

Could poure mye secret heart of woes,  
Like the care-burthened honie-flie,  
That hides his murmurs in the rose !

Mie earthlie comforter ! whose love

So indefeisable might be,  
That when mie spirit went above  
Thine could not stay for sympathie !

THOMAS CAREW.

## TUESDAY.

Bohemian Diamond.—{ LOVE AFTER  
DEATH.

GONE! is the smile that once lightened my way,  
Gone! is the eye whose each look was a ray,  
Gone! is the heart so unchanging and true,  
Gone! is the lip which to mine fondly flew.

Cold! is the brow on which love had oft spoken,  
Cold! is the cheek and each beauty-line broken,  
Cold! is the hand which to mine trembling stole,  
Cold! is each nerve that once thrilled to the soul.

Dead! grows this heart to the world's garish  
splendor,  
To the smile of the gay, and the sigh of the tender;  
To the sorrower's tear, and the scorner's rude  
laughter,  
Dead! to all hope, save of meeting hereafter!



## Love Inestimable.

THIS maiden's true heart  
Never faileth nor faltereth,  
In life it is true,  
In death it ne'er altereth;  
If the heart that she loveth  
E'er droopeth and perisheth,  
Her love, each dim hope  
And desire still cherisheth.  
As the ivy will cling  
Round the castle's gray wall,  
Her heart's sweet affections  
Ne'er waver nor fall; —  
They are true in the hour  
Of joy and of pleasure —  
And in the soul's night  
They 're an infinite treasure!

J. W. H.

## WEDNESDAY.

Diamond.—{BRILLIANCY.

LIGHT is this maid, in *light* arrayed,  
For *light* to her is given,  
From *light* she flew, and *lightly* too,  
She 'll *light* again in heaven.

No northern *light* was e'er so bright,  
No *light* could e'er be brighter;  
Her *light*-drawn sigh goes *lightly* by,  
As *light* as air, and *lighter*.

The *lights* divine, that *lightly* shine  
In yonder *lightened* skies,  
Can ne'er excel the *lights* that fall  
Like *lightning* from her eyes.

She *lightly* moves, by all beloved,  
A *light* and fairy elf,  
*Light* is her frame, (should be her name,)  
For she is *Light* itself.

## THURSDAY.

Labrador.—{FICKLENESS.

THEY have told me that thou art  
Not what thine own lips have told,  
But a fickle thing, whose heart  
Is as vain as it is cold : —  
They have told me that in turn  
Pride and envy rule thy breast ;  
That to-morrow thou wilt spurn  
What to-day thou covetest.  
Tell me, lady, yes or no,  
Tell me truly, is it so ?

They have said those eyes of thine,  
Which so fondly beam on me,  
Would with equal fondness shine  
Were my rival near to thee ;  
That those cheeks thus overspread  
With their blushes when we meet,  
Would assume as deep a red,  
Were another at thy feet.  
Tell me, lady, yes or no,  
Tell me truly, is it so ?

## FRIDAY.

Apyrite.—{ WELCOME.

THOU art welcome as the day,  
As the loveliest of May ; —  
And the azure-vested night,  
On her summer wings of light,  
Hath not eyes more softly bright  
Than are thine !

Thou art beautiful as flowers,  
As the fairest in my bowers ;  
I 've the lily and the rose,  
But the hues that they disclose,  
Oh ! what are they to those  
That are thine !

Thou art spotless as the snow,  
Ere the moon upon it glow ; —  
But the moon must have its ray,  
And the snow-wreaths melt away,  
And hearts, — why should not they ?  
Why not thine ?

PIERCE SHAPTON.

## SATURDAY.

Amber.—{ YOU ARE FALSE,  
AND DESPISED.

Thou hast cast off the heart that I gave thee,  
Like a weed that was worthless and vain —  
A heart that would perish to save thee,  
Thou hast given to the bleak world again :  
Thine is false, that so oft thou hast told me  
Lived only to beat for my own,  
And the arms that were wont to enfold me,  
Perhaps round another are thrown !

When I gazed on thy beautiful tresses —  
On thy brow, and thy forehead of snow, —  
When I lived amid thy caresses, —  
Oh ! how little thine heart did I know !  
When I felt that young heart wildly beating,  
I believed it could beat but for me ;  
The delusion was lovely, but fleeting,  
As all that is lovely must be !

Farewell! thou art false, and I leave thee!

Farewell! my vain hopes I resign!

Farewell! *I* could never deceive thee!

No! the crime and the ruin are thine!

SPANISH.



## M A Y .

Oh! the merry May has pleasant hours,  
And dreamily they glide,  
As if they floated like the leaves  
Upon a silver tide.

The trees are full of crimson buds,  
And the woods are full of birds,  
And the waters flow to music,  
Like a tune with pleasant words.

The verdure of the meadow-land  
Is creeping to the hills,  
The sweet, blue-bosomed violets  
Are blowing by the rills;

The lilach has a load of balm  
For every wind that stirs,  
And the larch stands green and beautiful,  
Amid the sombre firs.

There's perfume upon every wind—  
Music in every tree—

Dews for the moisture-loving flowers —  
Sweets for the sucking bee;  
The sick come forth for the healing South,  
The young are gathering flowers;  
And Life is a tale of Poetry,  
That is told by golden hours.

If 't is not true philosophy,  
That the spirit, when set free,  
Still lingers about its olden home,  
In the flower and the tree, —  
It is very strange that our pulses thrill  
At the sight of a voiceless thing,  
And our hearts yearn so with tenderness  
In the beautiful time of spring.

N. P. WILLIS.





## SUNDAY.

Turquoise.—{ EXTREMELY  
BEAUTIFUL.

WHAT are her eyes like? Poet, say!

They seem, through their silken lashes,  
Like the blue of a bright Italian day,  
Or a star that through darkness flashes.

What are her lips like? Poet, say!

Like beautiful buds a-growing  
On one fair stem in the month of May,  
But far more perfume throwing.

What are her teeth like? Poet, say!

They seem, with the lips asunder,  
Small caverns of pearl that hidden lay,  
Or just shown to excite our wonder.

What are her cheeks like? Poet, say!

Like the bloom the peach receiveth —  
Which the amorous sun on a summer's day  
Doth kiss till a blush it leaveth.

BRUTON.

## Loveliness.

THOU art lovelier than the coming  
Of the fairest flowers of Spring,  
When the wild bee wanders humming  
Like a blessed fairy thing;  
THOU art lovelier than the breaking  
Of the orient crimsoned morn,  
When the gentlest winds are shaking  
The dew-drops from the thorn.

I have seen the wild flowers springing  
In wood, and field, and glen,  
Where a thousand birds are singing,  
And my thoughts were of thee then;  
For there's nothing gladsome round me,  
Nothing beautiful to see,  
Since thy beauty's spell hath bound me,  
But is eloquent of thee.

RICHARD HOWITT.

## MONDAY.

Cat's Eye.—{ <sup>HE IS</sup>  
UNTRUE.

He loves you as the wild winds love

The waves they kiss on a summer's day —

The flowers they caress — the trees they move —

In their fond, fantastic play !

Sweet their first kisses, but soon, like ours,

They ruffle the waters, and rifle the flowers ;

O'er the blooms they have scattered, in sport they  
go —

Do the winds love the flowers then ? No, no, no !

He loves you as the bright sun loves

The green earth it hails at morn,

When the early dews give drink to the doves,

From the blossoming cups of the thorn !

And warm and soft as its light was the feeling

That lit our hearts in its first revealing ;

But the heat quaffed up the dews, and so

Came blight ! Did the sun love the earth then ? No.

CALDER CAMPBELL.

## TUESDAY.

Lead.—{DECEPT.

AND is it so?

Is love so frail a thing?

Then let it go,

On Fancy's vagrant wing.

I little thought

Such change as this to see;

But thou hast taught

How faithless hearts can be.

And is it so?

And canst thou me forget?

O tell me no,

And I will trust thee yet!—

It cannot be;

Thou would'st but speak in vain;

My heart in thee

Can never trust again.

Like scattered flowers,

The odors linger yet;

Oh! blissful hours

I cannot all forget!

MRS. CRAWFORD.

## WEDNESDAY.

Cachelong.—{LET US REMAIN  
TRUE.

Why should we sever? Why should coldness stealing  
Between two hearts affection made so warm,  
Blight all the budding flowers of tender feeling,  
And with dark clouds, Love's summer sky  
deform?

Why should we sever? Thou wert formed to hold me  
A willing captive in Love's flowery chain;  
And yet, those lips, with mocking smiles, have  
told me,  
*"Here we must part, to meet no more again!"*

Why should we sever? Can the links be broken  
In one brief hour, that years have seen entwined?  
The word "*farewell*," tho' said, is quickly spoken:  
But the *heart's* ties, can one cold word unbind?

No! should we sever, — should fate tear asunder,  
Hearts it may *break*, but try to bend in vain;  
Like the cleft rock, torn by the raging thunder,  
A fearful ruin both must still remain.

MRS. C. B. WILSON.

## THURSDAY.

Cat Sapphire.—{ PLAIN, BUT  
GOOD.

THOU art not beautiful nor fair, —  
Yet when I watch thy smile,  
I know the thoughts that linger there  
Are all devoid of guile.  
I would not change thy pleasant face,  
For one whose classic brow  
A royal coronet might grace,  
But be less loved than thou.

Thou art not beautiful nor fair;  
But beauty is a flower  
That blossoms in the summer air,  
And shuns the wintry hour.  
Thy loveliness is in thy mind,  
Where pure affection dwells,  
And in thy gentle heart, I find  
A thousand magic spells.

MRS. V. BARTHOLOMEW.

## FRIDAY.

## Egyptian Pebble.—{MIRTH.

Oh, no! we were ne'er made for sighing!

'Tis the bigot or fool that repines;

We should shoot Pleasure's quarry while flying,

And bask in the sun when it shines.

Then doff that dark wreath from your beaver,

We want not the yew's sombre gloom,

Nor the willow that mourns the deceiver,

Nor cypress that nods o'er the tomb.

The garland must all be of roses,

Fresh plucked from those bowers of delight,

Where blossom the sweetest of posies,—

Where day never yieldeth to night!

Oh! who would complain of dull sorrow

In a world so enchantingly fair?

Let us rather from ecstasy borrow

The spells that can banish despair.

CALDER CAMPBELL.

## SATURDAY.

Aplome.—{ BEAUTY IS  
                  NOUGHT.

TELL me not of a face that 's fair,  
Nor a lip and cheek that 's red,  
Nor of the tresses of her hair,  
Nor curls in order laid ;  
Nor of a rare seraphic voice,  
That like an angel sings.  
But if that thou wilt have me love,  
And it must be a she —  
The only argument can move  
Is, that she will love me !

The glories of your ladies be  
But metaphors of things ;  
And but resemble what we see  
Each common object brings.  
Roses out-red their lips and cheeks,  
Lilies their whiteness stain,  
What fool is he that shadows seeks,  
Who may the substance gain !

ALEX. BROME. (1600.)



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S U M M E R .

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THE Spring's gay promise melted into thee,  
Fair Summer! and thy gentle reign is here;  
The emerald robes are on each leafy tree;  
In the blue sky thy voice is rich and clear;  
And the free brooks have songs to bless thy reign —  
They leap in music 'midst thy bright domain.

The gales that wander from the unclouded west,  
Are laden with the breath of countless fields;  
They teem with incense from the green earth's  
breast,

That up to Heaven its grateful odor yields;  
Bearing sweet hymns of praise from many a bird,  
By Nature's aspect into rapture stirred.

And gazing on thy void and sapphire sky,  
O, Summer! in my inmost soul arise  
Uplifted thoughts, to which the woods reply,  
And the bland air with its soft melodies; —  
Till, basking in some vision's glorious ray,  
I long for eagle's plumes to flee away.

W. G. CLARK.

## JUNE.

With sunny smiles and showery tears,  
The soft, young June-day morn appears;  
Above each twisting old tree-root,  
    Above the verdurous springing grass —  
Above the green-sward's tender shoot  
    Thy graceful footsteps pass.  
Thy clear eye swims in liquid light,  
    Thy golden tresses unbound flow,  
Thy gay voice ringeth with delight,  
    Thy cheeks with healthful beauty glow.

In the green, hollow way,  
    The wild-flowers spring in myriads up,  
The crocus nods its blossoms gay,  
    The violet lifts its azure cup,  
The lily swings its snowy bell,  
And wooes the fragrant daffodil.

Down the moist meadow land,  
Where thro' the flowery meadow runs the brook,

Sweet smelling plants their verdant palms expand,  
In every bushy nook.

The golden wax-work twines its wreath  
Of verdure, and the clematis  
Shoots its soft fibres the thick boughs beneath.  
Oft the south winds stop to kiss  
The modest snow-drop in the grass;  
And o'er the stream the gaudy mosses lean  
To see, reflected in that lucid glass,  
Their velvet fringes, and their festoons green.

Sweet June! with thy fair forehead bound  
With dewy wild-flowers, and with roses crowned,  
I love thee well!

Deep in the heart of man all o'er the earth,  
Thy presence spreads a lively tone of mirth,  
A soft, deep spell.

The newly budded groves repeat thy call,  
With joy through all their thick arcades;  
And the hoarse plunging waterfall  
Rejoices in its dim primeval shades.

I love thy varied skies,  
With all their cloudy glooms and brightening smiles;

I love to see thy glorious morns arise  
O'er the mist-covered hills and woody isles ;  
I love thy mild and temperate light at noon,  
    When all thy fresh leaves quiver with delight ;  
I love thy golden eve, and thy bright moon,  
    Sailing in cloudless glory through the night.

I. McLELLAN, JR.



## SUNDAY.

Flint.—{HARD-HEARTED.

STILL so hard-hearted? What may be  
The sin thou hast committed;  
That now the angry deity  
Hath to a rock congealed thee,  
And thus thy hardness fitted?  
To make one act both sin and curse,  
And plague thy hardness with a worse!

Till thee there never was but one  
Was to a rock translated,  
Poor Niobe, that weeping stone:  
She never did, thou ne'er dost moan,  
Nor is thy scorn abated.  
The tears I send to thee are grown  
Of that same nature, and turn stone.

Yet men, dear rock, must worship thee,  
Love works this superstition,

And justifies th' idolatry,  
That shewn to such a rock as thee,  
Where it foreruns fruition.  
'Thou 'rt so magnetic, that I can  
No more leave thee, than be a man.

ALEX. BROME. 1600.



## MONDAY.

## Sun Stone.—{AFFECTIONATE.

THIS beautiful maid is as cheerful as day,  
And as sweet as the blossoming hawthorn in May.  
Her temper is smooth as the down on the dove,  
And her face is as fair as the mother's of love.

Though mild as the pleasantest zephyr that sheds,  
And receives gentle odors from violet beds,  
Yet warm in affection as Phœbus at noon,  
And as chaste as the sister-white beams of the moon.

Her mind is unsullied as new-fallen snow,  
Yet lively as tints of young Iris' bow ;  
As firm as the rock, and as calm as the flood,  
Where the peace-loving halcyon nurses her brood.

The sweets that each virtue or grace has in store,  
She culls as the bee culls each bloom of the flower,  
Which treasured for me, O! how happy am I,  
For though hers to collect, it is mine to enjoy !

J. G. COOPER.



## TUESDAY.

Quartz.—{ FALSEHOOD.

HAST thou seen the down in the air,

When wanton blasts have tost it?

Or the ship on the sea,

When ruder winds have crost it?

Hast thou marked the crockodile's weeping,

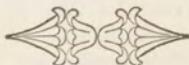
Or the fox's sleeping?

Or hast thou viewed the peacock in his pride,

Or the dove by his bride?

Oh! so fickle, oh! so vain, oh so false is she!

SIR JOHN SUCKLING. 1600.



## WEDNESDAY.

Amethyst.—{ PEACE OF  
MIND.

THY caskets with jewels  
May glitter and shine,  
And gems from Golconda,  
And gold from the mine,  
May be woven, and braided,  
And twined in thy hair,  
While thy forehead is clouded  
With darkest despair ; —  
For the bosom that throbs  
'Neath a glittering vest,  
With heavenly treasures  
Not always is blest :  
But labors of duty,  
And missions of love,  
Shall win thee the blessing  
From heaven above, —  
And peace like an angel,  
From mansions of rest,  
In silence descending,  
Shall dwell in thy breast !

D. H. JAKES.

## THURSDAY.

Occidental Turquoise.—{ SPIRITUAL  
BEAUTY.

I NEVER looked on face so bright,  
Of earthly mould, or mortal feeling;  
It seems a temple full of light,  
Perfection in that light revealing:  
So beautiful, and oh! so pure,  
Those lifted eyes in saintly rapture,  
Those clasped hands that would secure  
Each wandering soul in holy capture.  
That vestal veil of modest guise  
Was woven in the looms of heaven,  
Not earthly wrought for sinful eyes,  
Whose worship is to mortals given.

Go, place the forms of worldly grace,  
The beauties sung in bardic story,  
Beside this spirit-breathing face,  
This lovely, blessed child of glory:  
I turn from them as garish flowers,  
In gay but scentless beauty springing,

To this sweet bud of cloistered bowers,  
Around the cross of Jesus clinging; —  
I turn, and as I turn, my soul  
Does seem as o'er some fountain bending,  
Whose waters to Elysium roll;  
While winged seraphs around attending,  
Fill from that sweet and silvery tide  
The golden cup to sinners given, —  
That cup for which the Saviour died  
That man might drink, and live in heaven.

MRS. CRAWFORD.



## FRIDAY.

Spinelle.—{VERY FAIR.

A LADY—lovely as the morn,  
When night her starry mansion closes,  
And gentle winds with fairy feet  
Toss the sweet dew from blushing roses—  
A lady—to whose lip and cheek  
Some twenty summer-suns have given  
Colors as rich as those that melt  
Along the evening clouds of heaven.

Her stature tall, her tresses dark,  
Her brow like light in ambush lying,  
Her hand—the very hand you'd give  
The world to clasp if you were dying!  
Her eyes, the glowing types of love,  
Upon the heart they print their meaning—  
How mild they shine as o'er them fall  
Those lashes long, their lustre screening.

Sweet maiden! can you not divine  
The form that floats before my dreaming,  
And whose the pictured smiles I see  
This moment full before me beaming!

PARKE BENJAMIN.

## SATURDAY.

Sapphire.—{STATELY BEAUTY.

FAIR as a single star thou shinest,  
And white as lilies are  
The slender hands wherewith thou twinest  
Thy heavy auburn hair.  
Thou art to me  
A memory  
Of all that is divinest ;  
Thou art so fair and tall,  
Thy looks so qucenly are,  
Thy very shadow on the wall,  
Thy step upon the stair,  
The thought that thou art nigh,  
The chance look of thine eye,  
Are more to me than all,  
And will be till I die.  
My heart will not forget thee,  
More than the moaning brine

Forgets the moon when she is set ;  
The gush when first I met thee,  
That thrilled my brain like wine,  
Doth thrill as madly yet.

J. R. LOWELL.



## JULY.

THE weary year is half way home !

With beaded brow, and dusty feet,  
I see the heated traveller come !

Around his brow young braids of wheat,  
And tendrils of the joyful vine,  
And oaken leaflets interwine ;

A beechen staff is in his hand,  
And with a step divine,

He marcheth o'er the land.

There is, for all his weariness,

A joyful twinkle in his eye,  
As if he said with mirthfulness

There 's something coming by and by !  
He seats himself upon a mound,  
And casts a pleasing look around ;

And as he views the landscape bright,  
With jovial, gleeful sound,

He singeth his delight :



"How brightly burns the blazing eye of God!

Hushed in the woods the weary winds are sleeping !

No more on hill-side green, and meadow broad,

The sky's bright daughters cooling tears are weeping !

The burning sun hath dried them from their cheeks ;

In vain poor Nature for refreshment seeks.

"Parched by the heat, each flower's silver lip

No more with dew nectareous is flowing,

In vain they lean their heads and strive to sip

The stream's blue treasures low beneath them going.

Grass, herbs and flowers, are dry and withered now,

As the hot skin upon my fevered brow.

"The pestered kine, by insect myriads stung,

Seek the dim woods or coolly flowing river,

Hushed in the groves is every minstrel tongue,

The rustling leaves with dry heat trembling, quiver.

The fields are parched and burnt, the brooks are dry,

And a dim veil is drawn across the sky.

"The panting steer lolls in the creaking wain,  
The cow and sheep in the dark pool are sathing;  
Beneath yon tree the hunter seeks in vain  
A shelter from the sun's rays, fierce and scathing.  
Hot, burning, panting, — oh! one breath of air —  
A breath, — a breath, — I cannot longer bear" —

A breeze sprang up that stirred each grove and  
bower,

And O how blest was that cool thunder shower!

J. WESLEY HANSON.



## SUNDAY.

Ruby Spinnelle.—{ UNANSWERED  
LONGINGS.

Is this then Life? Oh was I born for this?  
To follow phantoms that elude the grasp!  
Or whatsoe'er secured, within my clasp  
To withering lie! as if an earthly kiss  
Were doomed Death's shuddering touch alone to  
greet.

Oh Life! hast thou reserved no cup of bliss?  
Must still the Unattained allure my feet?  
The Unattained with yearnings fill my breast,  
That rob for aye the spirit of its rest?  
Yes, this is life, and everywhere I meet  
Not victor crowns, but wailings of defeat—  
I falter not, for yet I have a test  
That shall incite me onward, upward still;  
The present cannot sate, my soul it shall not fill!

MRS. SEBA SMITH.

## MONDAY.

Apatite.—{ A BLESSED  
FAME.

THERE 's a beautiful fame, all pure and sweet,  
That will sanctify the dying hour —  
'T is to know that where the innocent meet  
Our names will breathe with a blessed power,  
Long after our transient day is over ; —  
Memory's moonlight on your grave,  
Will guide Posterity, as a Lover,  
To that brightening spot, to kneel, and crave  
Even a blade of grass from the mouldering heart,  
That has made others swell, and burn and start ;  
And feel how purity endears,  
And embalms a name with affection's tears.

Yes, lovely eyes will often weep  
And fondly gaze upon your urn,  
And fairest beings wake from sleep,  
And to your blessed whispers turn ; —  
The pages that your hand has traced,  
Will be beneath their pillows prest,  
Your thoughts from their memory uneffaced,  
Your names before their mothers' blest !

MCDONALD CLARKE.

## TUESDAY.

Clouded Marble.—{ BE NOT  
VAIN.

Don't make yourself a mere milliner's dupe, —

A bow on your breast will bring none to your  
side,

A heart that 's worth having is n't caught in a loop,

Silliness, dear, is the sister of Pride ; —

And are they not silly who waste half their time

In pinking themselves most as fine as a fiddle,

And think that they look super-super sublime,

With waists squeezed like pudding-bags tied  
in the middle ?

Beauty is simple, and Fashion is blind,

Or she would take out the tucks of her mind.

So take off that trumpery, my love,

And put on your calico gown,

For a spirit like yours should be above

Appearing the flirts of the town.

MCDONALD CLARKE.

## WEDNESDAY.

White Marble.—{ HUMILITY,  
NOT FAME.

HAPPY, — happier far than thou,  
With the laurel on thy brow,  
He that makes the humblest hearth  
Lovely but to one on earth.

Thou hast a charmed cup, O Fame,  
A draught that mantles high,  
And seems to lift this earthly frame  
Above mortality.

Away! to me, a woman, bring  
Water from affection's spring.

Thou hast green laurel leaves that twine  
Into so proud a wreath; —  
For that resplendent gift of thine  
Heroes have smiled in death.  
Give me from some kind hand a flower,  
The record of one happy hour!

Thou hast a voice, whose thrilling tone  
Can bid each life-pulse beat,  
As when a trumpet's note hath blown,  
Calling the brave to meet :  
But mine, let mine, — a woman's breast, —  
By words of home-born love be blest.

Fame ! Fame ! thou canst not be the stay  
Unto the drooping reed ;  
The cool fresh fountain in the day  
Of the soul's feverish need :  
Where must the lone one turn and flee ?  
Not unto thee, — oh ! not to thee !

MRS. HEMANS.



## THURSDAY.

Fluorspar.—{ YOU ARE  
LONELY.

## I.

LIKE a bright spring in the desert, —  
Like a lone ship on the sea, —  
Like a white rose in the wilderness,  
Thy spirit is in thee.

## II.

They say thy brow is lofty,  
And thy tears they never flow,  
And thy cold smile is like the gleam  
Of moonlight on the snow.

## III.

I look beyond the veil that hides  
Thy spirit's glance from me, —  
It pineth in its loneliness,  
Like a land-bird on the sea!



## IV.

I know thy heart's deep yearnings,  
And thy thoughts beyond control,  
And thy deep and earnest longings  
For sympathy of soul.

## V.

Then cast aside thy bearing proud,  
Stoop from thy high estate,—  
And the ship shall meet another,  
And the bird shall find its mate!

## VI.

And a traveller, faint, and weary,  
To the desert spring shall go,  
And his soul shall drink forever  
Of the music of its flow!

H. J. H.



## FRIDAY.

Blue Lava.—{ HAPPY  
MARRIAGE.

YOUR mutual hearts are like the rills,  
In solitude when single,  
That wander from the moorland hills  
In river-streams to mingle;  
And then along the fertile vale,  
Their banks with blossoms painted,  
They heave their billows to the gale,  
Untroubled and untainted.

Your mutual hearts are like the flowers  
That twine themselves together,  
When morning sends the drenching shower,  
Or evening comes to wither;  
And though they fall — as fall they must —  
They will not — cannot sever; —  
Sinking together in the dust, —  
Together lie forever.

SPANISH.

## SATURDAY.

Black Isinglass.—{ A SCOLD.

WHEN I at table take my place,  
\*Whatever be the meat,  
I first do chide, and then say grace,  
If so disposed, to eat.

Too fat, too lean, too hot, too cold,  
I ever do complain,  
Too raw, too roast, too young, too old,  
Faults I *will* find, — or feign.

Let it be flesh, or fowl, or fish,  
It never shall be said  
But I 'll find fault with meat or dish,  
With master, or with maid.

But when I go to bed at night,  
I heartily do weep,  
That I must part with my delight, —  
I cannot scold, and sleep!

However, this doth mitigate  
And much abate my sorrow,  
That though to-night it be too late,  
I early scold to-morrow!

ANDREW SYMPSON. 1690.

## AUGUST.

Dust on thy mantle! dust,  
Bright Summer, on thy livery of green!  
A tarnish as of rust  
Dims thy late brilliant sheen:  
And thy young glories, — leaf, and bud, and flower, —  
Change cometh over them with every hour.

Thee hath the August sun  
Looked on with hot, and fierce, and brassy face;  
And still and lazily run,  
Scarce whispering in their pace,  
The half-dried rivulets, that lately sent  
A shout of gladness up, as on they went.

Flame-like, the long mid-day,  
With not so much of sweet air as hath stirred  
The down upon the spray,  
Where rests the panting bird,  
Dozing away the hot and tedious noon,  
With fitful twitter sadly out of tune.

Happy as man may be,  
Stretched on his back in homely, bean-vine bower,  
While the voluptuous bee  
Robs each surrounding flower,  
And prattling childhood clammers o'er his breast,  
The husbandman enjoys his noon-day rest.

Soberly in the shade  
Repose the patient cow and toil-worn ox;  
Or in the shoal stream wade,  
Sheltered by jutting rocks:  
The fleecy flock, fly-scourged and restless, rush  
Madly from fence to fence, from bush to bush.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now in the molten west sinks the hot sun;  
Welcome, mild Eve! the sultry day is done.

Pleasantly comest thou,  
Dew of the evening, to the crisped-up grass;  
And the curled corn-blades bow,  
As the light breezes pass,  
That their parched lips may feel thee, and expand,  
Thou sweet reviver of the fevered land.

So to the thirsting soul  
Cometh the dew of the Almighty's love ;  
And the scathed heart made whole,  
Turneth in joy above,  
To where the spirit freely may expand,  
And rove untrammelled in that " better land."

W. D. GALLAGHER.



## SUNDAY.

Axinite.—{ A LOFTY  
MIND.

'T is not thy lips of roses,  
The balm thy breath discloses,  
'T is not thy clear eye's brightness,  
Thy music's witching tone,  
Thy motion's sylph-like lightness,  
Could make thee loved, alone.

Though all the charms that nature  
Hath lavished on thy form,  
And every winning feature,  
Might icy coldness warm;  
These could not bind forever,—  
Mere beauty cannot bind—  
And art thou shunned then? never!  
For thine's the matchless MIND!

## MONDAY.

Haüyne.—{ BE TRUE LIKE  
HIM.

Do not ever doubt him!  
When you think about him,  
Think of some true star  
Shining still afar,  
Changeless through all time,  
In constancy sublime.  
Think of moveless mountains—  
Think of stayless fountains—  
Of the endless tide,  
Of all things strong and tried.  
Do not ever leave him!  
If you would deceive him  
In word, or deed, or thought,  
Think what woe is wrought  
By deceitful ocean  
In the storm's commotion;  
Think how rainbows die  
With no sunbeam nigh;



Think how flowers are lost  
In the blighting frost ;  
If thou *canst*, then leave him !  
If thou *wilt*, deceive him !

MARY ANN BROWNE.



## TUESDAY.

Idocrase.—{ HONESTY AND  
STRENGTH.

Thou hast the secret strange  
To read that hidden book, the human heart;  
Thou hast the ready writer's practised art;  
Thou hast the thought to range  
The broadest circles Intellect ever ran. —

N. P. WILLIS.

ACKNOWLEDGE, seek, and love, and prize  
What 's good and fair in virtue's eyes;  
What 's good and fair in reason's sight,  
Pursue, promote with all thy might.  
Do this, do it with judgment still,  
And ethic rule ay guides thy will.

GERMAN OF GLEIM.

## WEDNESDAY.

## Serpentine.—{BEAUTY.

THERE is no star in heaven so bright  
As that dark eye of thine;  
The gems that gild the crown of night,  
With paler lustre shine!

I'd leave the fairest thing of Art,  
To gaze upon that face  
And faultless form, whose every part  
Is redolent of grace.

Thy step is like the wild gazelle's,  
As firm, and light, and free;  
And Beauty, like a spirit, dwells,  
Enchanting girl, with thee!

And oh, what one could ever view  
That face and form divine,  
Nor feel, when first that smile he knew,  
His heart was wholly thine!

## THURSDAY.

Onyx.—{ATTRACTIVE  
CHARMS.

EARTH holds no fairer, lovelier one than thou,  
Maid of the laughing lip and frolic eye.  
Innocence sits upon thy open brow,  
Like a pure spirit in its native sky.  
If ever beauty stole the heart away,  
Enchantress, it would fly to meet thy smile;  
Moments would seem by thee, a summer day,  
And all around thee an Elysian isle.  
Roses are nothing, to the maiden blush  
Sent o'er thy cheek's soft ivory, and night  
Has nought so dazzling in its world of light,  
As the dark rays that from thy lashes gush.  
Love lurks amid thy silken curls, and lies  
Like a keen archer in thy kindling eyes.

## FRIDAY.

Bohemian Topaz.—{ TRUE FAME AND  
GREATNESS.

YOURS is a breast unknown to fear,  
Pure and devoid of guile;  
Whose feelings, still to honor dear,  
Disdain each paltry wile.

A heart whose throbbing pulse can burn  
When others' grief is shown,  
Yet proudly from observance turn  
When anguished by its own.

You ever have a generous hand  
To dry the sufferer's eye —  
To bid the smile of peace expand,  
And soothe the murmuring sigh.

And when your spirit shall depart,  
And hoping, heavenward peer,  
Be your mausoleum — the heart, —  
Your epitaph — a tear.

## SATURDAY.

Rose Quartz.—{ <sup>MANY</sup>  
                              CHARMS.

Would you know what 's soft, I dare  
Not bring you to the down or air ;  
Not to stars to show what 's bright,  
Nor to snow to teach you white.

Nor, if you would music hear,  
Call the orbs to take your ear ;  
Nor, to please your sense, bring forth  
Bruised nard, or what 's more worth.

Or on food were your thoughts placed,  
Bring you nectar for a taste :  
Would you have all these in one ?  
Name this lady, and 't is done !

THOMAS CAREW. 1600.

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A U T U M N .

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THE melancholy days are come,  
The saddest of the year;  
Of wailing winds, and naked woods,  
And meadows brown and sere.  
The robin and the wren are flown,  
And from the shrubs the jay,  
And from the wood-top calls the crow,  
Through all the live-long day.

W. C. BRYANT.

WHAT is there saddening in the Autumn leaves?  
Have they that "green and yellow melancholy"  
That the sweet poet spake of? Had he seen  
Our variegated woods, when first the frost  
Turns into beauty all October's charms —  
When the dread fever quits us — when the storms  
Of the wild equinox, with all its wet,  
Have left the land, as the first deluge left it,  
With a bright bow of many colors hung  
Upon the forest tops, — he had not sighed.

J. G. BRAINARD.



## S E P T E M B E R .

THE sultry Summer past, September comes,  
Soft twilight of the slow-declining year.  
All mildness, soothing loveliness, and peace ;  
The fading season, e'er the falling, comes,  
More sober than the buxom, blooming May,  
And therefore less the favorite of the world ; —  
But dearest month of all to pensive minds.  
'T is now far spent ; and the meridian sun,  
Most sweetly smiling with attempered beams,  
Sheds gently down a mild and grateful warmth.  
Beneath its yellow lustre, groves and woods,  
Checkered by one night's frost with various hues,  
While yet no wind has swept a leaf away,  
Shine doubly rich. — It were a sad delight,  
Down the smooth stream to glide, and see it tinged  
Upon each brink with all the gorgeous hues,  
The yellow, red, or purple of the trees,  
That singly, or in tufts, or forest thick,  
Adorn the shores ; to see perhaps the side

Of some high mount reflected far below,  
With its bright colors, intermixed with spots  
Of darker green.

Yes, it were sweetly sad  
To wander in the open fields, and hear,  
E'en at this hour, the noon-day hardly past,  
The lulling insects of the summer-night ;  
To hear, where lately buzzing swarms were heard,  
A lonely bee, long roving here and there  
To find a single flower, but all in vain ;  
Then rising quick, and with a louder hum,  
In widening circles round and round his head,  
Straight by the listener flying clear away,  
As if to bid the fields a last adieu ;  
To hear within the woodland's sunny side,  
Late full of music, nothing, save perhaps  
The sound of nutshells, by the squirrel stripped  
From some tall beech, fast falling thro' the leaves.

CARLOS WILCOX.



## SUNDAY.

Ruby.—{ HOPE AND  
STRIVE!

BEAR on, O Friend! e'en 'mid thy fears;—

The hope may yet be thine,

Though hope deferred through weary years

Hath made thy spirit pine.

Though clouds are dark above thy head,

And shadows dim thy day,—

Though disappointments round thee spread,—

Oh! yet bear on thy way!

Through pain and penury, toil and care,

Bear up thy heart against despair!

Bear on! though friends and kin forsake,

Though slander hurl her dart,

Do thou a firmer purpose take,

To keep thee pure in heart!

Dark Malice and mean Envy dare

Assail with Upas tongue;

Yet Innocence is strong to bear

The weight against it flung.

And in this faith, through every ill,  
Oh learn to suffer and be still !

Bear on ! it is not always night, —  
The morn must break at last —  
And thou shalt hail as clear a light,  
As o'er thy youth was cast.  
Few are thy summers yet. Oh then  
Bid thy wronged heart hope on ;  
And for the sake of WHAT HATH BEEN  
Thy meed shall yet be won !  
With Truth undimmed within thy breast,  
Bear on ! and leave to God the rest !

NEW YORKER.



## MONDAY

Asbestos.—{ UNREQUITED  
LOVE.

ENOUGH that I am cold, and thou art free !

Ask not the story of my love to hear —

It was a holy passion ; — as the sea

Rises beneath the moonbeams, soft and clear,  
So to thy smile my slumbering heart arose, —  
The heart which now is hushed to deep repose.

How truly, fondly would that heart have given

Its hope of happiness to thee alone !

No hermit-saint could dedicate to Heaven

His soul with more devotion than my own  
Was vowed to thy sweet service — Fare thee well !  
The charm is broken, and dissolved the spell.

I loved not wisely, but too well, — alas,

That such a love could meet with no return !

Yet do not blame me now, for I shall pass

Away, and be forgotten. I must learn  
Thee to forget, and on another shrine,  
Those vows to cast, which were so wholly thine !

## TUESDAY.

## Rainbow Agate.—{LOVELINESS.

OH she is fair!

As fair as heaven to look upon! as fair  
As ever vision of the Virgin blest  
That weary pilgrim, resting by the fount,  
Beneath the palm, and dreaming to the tune  
Of flowing waters, soothed his soul withal.  
It was permitted in my pilgrimage  
To rest beside the fount, beneath the tree,  
Beholding there no vision, but a maid  
Whose form was light and graceful as the palm,  
Whose heart was pure and jocund as the fount,  
And spread a freshness and a verdure round.

PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE.



## WEDNESDAY.

Rock of Gibraltar.—{STRENGTH OF  
CHARACTER.

THE curl of that proud lip,  
The flash of that eye,  
The light of that forehead  
So full and so high, —  
Like foam of the sea-billow  
Thy white forehead shows,  
Like flash of red levin  
That eagle eye glows:  
Ha! firmly and boldly,  
So stately and free,  
Thy foot treads thy chamber  
As bark rides the sea:  
This likes me, this likes me!  
Stout maiden of mould,  
Thou wooest to purpose, —  
Bold hearts love the bold!

WM. MOTHERWELL.

## THURSDAY.

Chrysolite.—{ <sup>DEEP</sup>  
SORROW.

No bird is singing  
In cloud or on tree,  
No eye is beaming  
Glad welcome to thee;  
The forest is tuneless,  
Its brown leaves fast fall,  
Changed and withered they fleet  
Like hollow friends all!

No door is thrown open,  
No banquet is spread;  
No hand smoothes the pillow  
For thy weary head;  
But the eye of distrust  
Sternly measures thy way,  
And glad are the cold lips  
That wish thee — good day!

WM. MOTHERWELL.



## FRIDAY.

Wood Opal.—{ THOU ART  
EVER DEAR.

ENDEARING! endearing!

Why so endearing  
Are those dark lustrous eyes,  
Through their silk fringes peering?  
They love me! they love me!  
Deeply, sincerely;  
And more than aught else on earth,  
I love them dearly!

Endearing! endearing!

Why so endearing  
Glows the glad sunny smile  
On thy soft cheek appearing?  
It brightens! it brightens!  
As I am a-nearing;  
Ah! 't is thus that thy fond smile  
Is ever endearing.

WM. MOTHERWELL.

## SATURDAY.

## Red Quartz.—{RETURN.

I TRUST the frown thy features wear,  
Ere long into a smile will turn;  
I would not that a face so fair  
As thine, beloved, should look so stern.  
The chain of ice that Winter twines,  
Holds not for aye the sparkling rill,  
It melts away when summer shines,  
And leaves the waters sparkling still.

As he, who doomed o'er waves to roam,  
Or wanders on a foreign strand,  
Will sigh whene'er he thinks of home,  
And better love his native land;  
So I, though lured a time away,  
Like bees, by varied sweets to rove,  
Return, like bees, at close of day,  
And leave them all for thee, my love.

Then let thy cheek resume the smile  
That shed such sunny light before,  
And though I left thee for a while,  
I pledge me not to leave thee more.

WM. LEGGETT.



## OCTOBER.

THAT soft autumnal time  
Is come, that sheds upon the naked scene  
Charms only known in this our northern clime,  
Bright seasons, far between.

The woodland foliage now  
Is gathered by the wild October blast ;  
E'en the thick leaves upon the poplar's bough  
Are fallen to the last.

The mighty vines, that round  
The forest trunks their slender branches bind,  
Their crimson foliage shaken to the ground,  
Swing naked in the wind.

Some living green remains  
By the clear brook, that shines along the lawn ;  
But the sear grass stands white o'er all the plains,  
And the bright flowers are gone.

But these, these are thy charms, —  
Mild airs, and tempered light upon the lea,  
And the year holds no time within its arms  
That doth resemble thee.

The sunny noon is thine,  
Soft, noiseless, golden as the dead of night;  
And hues that in the flushed horizon shine  
At eve and early light.

The year's last, loveliest smile!  
Thou comest to fill with hope the human heart,  
And strengthen it, to bear the storms awhile,  
Till Winter days depart.

O'er the wide plains that lie,  
A desolate scene, the fires of Autumn spread,  
And nightly on the dark walls of the sky  
A ruddy brightness shed.

Far in a sheltered nook,  
I've met in these calm days a smiling flower,  
A lonely aster, trembling by a brook,  
At noon-day's quiet hour.

And something told my mind,  
That should old age to childhood call me back,  
Some sunny days and flowers I still might find  
Along life's weary track.

J. H. BRYANT.



## SUNDAY.

Cinnamon Stone.—{ THINK  
OF ME.

THINK of me, dearest, when Day is breaking

Away from the sable chains of Night,  
When the Sun, his ocean-couch forsaking,  
Like a giant first in his strength awaking,  
Is flinging abroad his limbs of light ;  
As the breeze that first travels with morning forth,  
Giving life to her steps o'er the quickening earth—  
As the dream that has cheated my soul all night,  
Let me in thy thoughts come fresh with the light.

Think of me, dearest, when Day is sinking

In the soft embrace of Twilight gray,  
When the starry eyes of Heaven are winking,  
And the weary flowers their tears are drinking,  
As they start like gems on the moon-touched  
spray.

Let me come warm in thy thoughts at eve,  
As the glowing touch which the sunbeams leave,  
When they, blushing, tremble along the deep,  
While stealing away to their place of sleep.

C. F. HOFFMAN.

## MONDAY.

Horn Stone.—{ YOU SMILE  
ON ALL.

I KNOW I share thy smiles with many,  
Yet still thy smiles are dear to me;  
I know that I, far less than any,  
Call out thy spirit's witchery;  
But yet I cannot help, when nigh thee,  
To seize upon each glance and tone,  
To hoard them in my heart when by thee,  
And count them o'er whene'er alone.

But why, oh, why on all thus squander  
The treasures one alone can prize? —  
Why let the looks at random wander  
Which beam from those deluding eyes?  
Those siren-tones so lightly spoken,  
Cause many a heart, I know, to thrill;  
But mine, and only mine, till broken,  
In every pulse must answer still.

C. F. HOFFMAN.



## TUESDAY.

## Rock Crystal.—{BEAUTY.

COULD Love impart,  
By nicest art,  
To speechless rocks a tongue,  
Their theme would be,  
Beloved, of thee, —  
Thy beauty all their song.

And clerk-like then,  
With sweet amen,  
Would Echo from each hollow,  
Reply all day ;  
While gentle fay  
With merry whoop would follow.

Had roses sense,  
On no pretence  
Would they their buds unroll ;

For, could they speak,  
'T was from thy cheek  
Their daintiest blush they stole.

Had lilies eyes,  
With glad surprise  
They'd own themselves outdone,  
When thy pure brow,  
And neck of snow,  
Gleamed in the morning sun.

Could shining brooks  
By amorous looks  
Be taught a voice so rare,  
Then every sound  
That murmured round  
Would whisper, "*Thou art fair!*"

Could winds be fraught  
With pensive thought,  
At midnight's solemn hour,  
Then every wood,  
In gleeful mood,  
Would own thy beauty's power!

And could the sky  
Behold thine eye,  
So filled with love and light,  
In jealous haste  
Thou soon wert placed  
To star the cope of Night!

WM. MOTHERWELL.



## WEDNESDAY.

Red Coral.—{ SPIRITUAL  
BEAUTY.

UNTOUCHED by mortal passion,  
Thou seem'st of heavenly birth,  
Pure as the effluence of a star,  
Just reached our distant earth !

Gave Fancy's pencil never,  
To an ideal fair,  
Such spiritual expression  
As thy sweet features wear.

An inward light to guide thee  
Unto thy soul is given,  
Pure and serene as its divine  
Original in Heaven.

Type of the ransomed PSYCHE !  
How gladly, hand in hand,  
To some new world I'd fly with thee  
From off this mortal strand.

JAS. ALDRICH.

## THURSDAY.

Bottlestone.—{ YOU SOON  
FORGET.

LIKE to the falling of a star,  
Or as the flights of eagles are,  
Or like the fresh Spring's gaudy hue,  
Or silver drops of morning dew,  
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,  
Or bubbles which on water stood —  
Such is your love, whose borrowed light  
Is straight called in, and paid to-night.  
The wind blows out, the bubble dies,  
The Spring entombed in Autumn lies,  
The dew dries up, the star is shot —  
As they all pass, your love is not.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.



## FRIDAY.

Red Granite.—{ INNOCENT  
LOVE.

LOVING she is and tractable, though wild;  
And Innocence hath privilege in her  
To dignify arch looks and laughing eyes;  
And feats of cunning; and the pretty round  
Of trespasses, affected to provoke  
Mock chastisement, and partnership in play.  
And, as a fagot sparkles on the hearth,  
Not less if unattended and alone  
Than when both young and old sit gathered round,  
And take delight in its activity,—  
Even so this happy creature of herself  
Is all-sufficient; solitude to her  
Is blithe society, who fills the air  
With gladness and involuntary songs.

WM. WORDSWORTH.

## SATURDAY.

Garnet.—{PURE  
LOVE.

YES! Hope may with thy strong desire keep pace,  
And thou be undeluded, unbetrayed;

For if of our affections none find grace

In sight of Heaven, then wherefore hath God made  
The world which we inhabit? Better plea  
Love cannot have, than that in loving thee

Glory to that Eternal Peace is paid,  
Who such divinity to thee imparts,  
As hallows and makes pure all gentle hearts.

His hope is treacherous only, whose love dies  
With beauty, which is varying every hour;  
But, in chaste hearts uninfluenced by the power  
Of outward change, there blooms a deathless flower,  
That breathes on earth the air of Paradise!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

## NOVEMBER.

HOARSE trumpeters are in the sky,  
From which a dripping rain is shed, —  
Onward in wedge-like form they fly,  
By leader piloted :

A flourish of the feathered band  
Announces that they seek a land  
Of sunniness and flowers —  
Blue waters, edged by golden sand,  
Flashing through tropic bowers.

From the cold stubble field ascends  
The whistle of the quail ;  
And mournfully the forest bends  
Its brown top in the gale,  
From which no leafy banner streams —  
Its unroofed fane by passing gleams  
Of sunshine is uncheered —  
Each trunk memorial-pillar seems,  
On Beauty's grave upreared.



The forest-trees, that shook of late  
Their many-tinted flags in air,  
Disrobed, and in a crownless state,  
Distinctive features wear.

Like a crazed maiden in her woe,  
Swinging her thin arms to and fro,  
The wind-swept willow mark !  
While mist creeps o'er the meadows low,  
And clouds above grow dark.

How pleadingly the poplar stands,  
Wan trembler in the dreary wood !  
Like some poor wretch with up-flung hands  
Spurned by Oppression rude !  
The elm, aside his helmet cast,  
Looks like a warrior quelled at last,  
Who courts the deadly stroke —  
Bold wrestler with the surly blast,  
Towers, Athlete-like, the oak !

As if he wished to travel far  
From our cold clime, the King of Day  
Guides southward his beclouded car,  
And welcomes Evening gray.

Like friends that quit in adverse hour  
The builder of their pomp and power,  
His rose-cheeked band have fled;  
A gloomy troop, with brows that lower,  
Are flocking round instead.

W. H. C. HOSMER.



## SUNDAY.

Emerald.—{ I KNOW YOUR  
HEART!

A GEM which hath the power to show  
If plighted lovers keep their faith or no :  
If faithful, it is like the leaves of spring ;  
If faithless, like those leaves when withering.

Take back again your emerald gem,

There is no color in the stone ;

It might have graced a diadem,

But now its hue and light are gone !

Take back your gift, and give me mine —

The kiss that sealed your last false vow ;

Ah ! other lips have been on thine ;

My kiss is lost and sullied now !

The gem is pale, the vow forgot,

And more than either, you have changed ;

But my pure love has altered not, —

My heart is broken — not estranged !

## M O N D A Y .

Blue Topaz.—{ SECRET BUT  
ENDURING LOVE.

Your fervent love, deep in the heart,  
Is like the violet flower,  
That lifts its modest head apart  
In some sequestered bower ;  
And blest is he who finds that bloom,  
Who sips its gentle sweets ;  
He heeds not Life's oppressive gloom,  
Nor all the care he meets !

Your fervent love is like the spring .  
Amid the wild alone,  
A burning wild o'er which the wing  
Of cloud is seldom thrown ;  
And blest is he who meets that fount,  
Beneath the sultry day ;  
How gladly should his spirits mount !  
How pleasant be his way !

Your fervent love is like a rock  
That every tempest braves;—  
It stands secure amid the shock  
Of ocean's wildest waves!



## T U E S D A Y.

Satin Spar.—{ YOU ARE  
CRUEL.

Oh do not talk to me of love,  
'T is deepest cruelty to me;  
Why throw a net around the bird  
That might be happy, light, and free?

It may be sport to win a heart,  
Then leave that heart to pine and die;  
The pangs which now my bosom rend  
May not cost you one single sigh.

The love which is as life to me,  
Is but a simple toy to you;  
The falsehood at which you but smile,  
Is death to one so fond, so true.

Then do not talk to me of love,  
My heart is far too warm for thine;  
Go! and 'mid Pleasure's lights and smiles  
Heed not what clouds and tears are mine.

## WEDNESDAY.

Moonstone.—{ DO NOT  
                          { FROWN.

I CANNOT bear that cold, cold look,  
That chilling glance to me;  
Contempt I may from others brook,  
But never, love, from thee.

Oh! well thou know'st how my young heart  
Clings fondly unto thine;  
Is it thy pleasure we shall part?  
Oh! what a woe is mine!

To others give thy sunny smiles,  
To others breathe the sigh;  
Again exert thy brilliant wiles,  
But not when I am by.

And not to me that look of scorn,  
That frigid glance to me;  
Contempt I have from many borne,  
But never can from thee.

SOPHIA.

## THURSDAY.

Moss Agate.—{ GRACEFUL  
CHARMS.

SWEET is the bloom of my bowers,  
And sweet is the breath of their flowers;  
But sweeter is each feature  
Of this fairy creature, —  
Graceful as the Hours!

Light is the wind of morn,  
And the clouds that are over it drawn;  
But lighter, oh! lighter  
Her footsteps, and brighter  
She bounds o'er the lawn.

Soft is the down on the peach,  
And soft is the music of speech,  
But softer, oh! softer,  
And charming far ofter,  
The cheeks that I reach.



Blithe is a lark on the wing,  
And blithe is the fawn by a spring,  
But blither than either  
Is she, for she neither  
Sorrow nor sadness can bring.

N. Y. ALBION.



## FRIDAY.

Striped Jasper.—{ I DIE WITHOUT  
THEE.

YES, still truly thine! Ah, they never Love knew  
Who drew him with wings of the Iris hue;  
Love is still changeless 'mid smiles and 'mid tears,  
The anchor for hope, and the shelter for fears.

Thy fate may be darkness—I ask but to share  
The sting of each sorrow, the cloud of each care;  
Thy brow may be sad, but the shade there will be  
More dear than the *smile* of another to me.

They bid me fly from thee, and say that thy love  
Is like the false fetters they throw round the dove;  
The *chain* thou hast linked is more precious to me,  
Than liberty, if it divides me from thee.

Howe'er rough thy path, that path I can bear,—  
A dungeon were brightness, if thou too wert there;  
Like oil to the lamp is thy love to my heart,—  
'Tis Life to be near thee, and Death if we part!

ITALIAN OF FELICIANA.

## SATURDAY.

Hyacinth.—{ I CANNOT  
LOVE THEE!

I CANNOT love thee, though thy soul  
Be one which all good thoughts control;  
Although thy eyes be starry bright,  
And the gleams of golden light  
Fall upon thy silken hair,  
And thy forehead broad and fair;  
Something of a cold disgust,  
(Wonderful — perhaps unjust,)  
Something of a sullen fear,  
Weighs my heart when thou art near;  
And my soul, which cannot twine  
Thought or sympathy with thine,  
With a coward instinct tries  
To hide from thy enamored eyes,  
Wishing for a sudden blindness  
To escape those looks of kindness;  
Sad she folds her shivering wings,  
From the love thy spirit brings,

Like a chained thing, caressed  
By the hand it knows the best,  
By the hand which day by day  
Visits its imprisoned stay,  
Bringing gifts of fruit and blossom,  
From the green earth's plenteous bosom ;  
All but that for which it pines  
In these narrow, close confines,  
With a sad and ceaseless sigh,  
Wild and winged liberty !

But in vain the tale is told ;  
Still my heart lies dead and cold !

MRS. NORTON.



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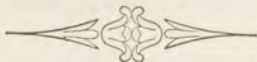
W I N T E R .

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Yes, the Year is growing old,  
And his eye is pale and bleared !  
Death, with frosty hand and cold,  
Plucks the old man by the beard,  
Sorely — sorely !

There comes with an awful roar,  
Gath'ring and sounding on,  
The storm-wind from Labrador,  
The wind Euroclydon,  
The storm-wind !  
*Kyrie, eleyson !*  
*Christe, eleyson !*

H. W. LONGFELLOW.



## D E C E M B E R .

THOSE snowy plumes become thee well,  
Thou of the frost-embroidered mail!  
Thy clarion hath a martial swell —  
Last of the Twelve, all hail!  
Thy savage couriers hither post,  
And sounds I hear, as if a host  
Were marching to the fight,  
Or Ocean, on an iron coast,  
Broke in his bellowing might.

The battle hath been fought and won,  
And clouds unlit by streaks of light,  
The vanquished forces of the sun,  
Have covered in their flight.  
Thy squadrons, of their triumph proud,  
Make music riotous and loud,  
Among the windy hills;  
Whose piny summits wear a shroud  
That hides the frozen rills.

The hunger-smitten orphan prayed  
For mercy at thy hands in vain ;  
His head upon thy snow-wreath laid,  
And never woke again !  
It was a kindly act, I own !  
To hush a famished infant's moan,  
That to its mother clung,  
While winds that chilled her heart to stone,  
A white cloak o'er her flung.

Thou lovest for the rich and strong,  
Gay, glittering pathways to prepare,  
While jingling bells and cracking thong  
Their merriment declare ;  
And it is well that man should hear  
Such notes, the brumal desert cheer ;  
But in thine hour of ire,  
Spare a pale crowd, in places drear,  
Begging for food and fire.

The poor Old Year from thee receives  
Rough usage in his dying hour ;  
Thus ever, when misfortune grieves,  
Is raised the scourge of power :—



Thy cruel minions, Hail and Sleet,  
Enfold him in a winding-sheet,  
And laugh at his dismay ;  
Then shout — " Not far those tottering feet  
Will bear thee on thy way."

W. H. C. HOSMER.



## SUNDAY.

Carneleon Onyx.—{ FICKLE, BUT  
GOOD.

THOU art indeed light-hearted,  
Wild and capricious as a child at play;  
Or as the wind-breath, which thy curls has parted,  
Leaving its kiss-print on thy cheek to stay.

Thou art all life, — all motion, —  
Like to that bird of golden-plumaged wing,  
Sans foot, sans resting: thou art like the ocean,  
A gay and giddy — most inconstant thing!

Thy mirth is but the token  
Of a fond heart intensely linked with pain;  
As light with shade, as hope with fear is broken,  
As hill and hollow ever wed remain.

Why envy thee thy lightness?  
Thy bounding spirit, and thy laughing eye?  
Thy brow, where hope hath set its seal of bright-  
ness?

Thy lip with merriment forever nigh?

JOHN S. DUSOLLE.

## MONDAY.

## Freestone.—{ GENEROSITY.

OH! rich art thou in generous thoughts and deeds,  
My noble friend! 'Thou scornest those base arts,  
By which the ignoble throng so often win  
The glittering prize. A fallen foe by thee  
Is lifted up, — his hatred turned to love, —  
His wrath to peace. Thou yieldest up unasked  
The dearest hopes of youth, — long cherished hopes,  
Inwoven with thy fondest plans of life,  
To buy another's peace, — content thyself  
To plant the golden flowers, which other hands  
Unthinkingly perhaps shall cull.

Earth's poor,

By stern Oppression's iron heel trod down,  
And forced to toil, through long and weary hours,  
The slaves of wealth, and haughty wealth-born  
power, —

And coin each drop of their own blood to buy

That pittance small and mean, mere clothes and  
bread, —

Are ever thine ; their wrongs, — their every grief.  
Yes — music hath thy step, by thresholds low,  
Where Want abides. Thy smile, like sunshine,  
Oft scatters wide the gloom from lonely homes,  
Where long the night of sorrow brooding slept,  
Like storm-clouds on the sea.

D. H. JAQUES.



## TUESDAY.

Zircon.—{ PURITY OF  
MIND.

'T is not thy youthful bloom and laughing eyes,  
Gay with the promise of glad years to come,  
And each fond joy the bosom seeks in home,  
When sad or wearied from the world it flies ;  
Nor is 't thy downy cheek, whose blushing dyes  
Boast the rich glow of sunset skies,  
O'er distant hills when sinks the Lord of Day,  
Bright and unclouded in his parting ray ;  
Nor the sweet smile thy dewy lips display,  
When some warm feeling from the heart speaks  
out  
In softest tones — like music far away,  
Borne on the balmy breath of even,  
While closing flowers shed round about  
Their odors to the dews of heaven :—  
Not these, although they charm the sense,  
Had power to win my fond regard :

But 't is thy bosom's innocence,  
The candor of each look, each word;  
Thy vestal purity of thought,  
The candor of thy mind unbought;  
The morning freshness of thy mind,  
Unsullied by a wish that 's base;  
And wit, and humor, undesigned,  
Throwing o'er all resistless grace.

Maiden! these charms will bloom when Beauty's  
flower

Sinks pale and withering in the storms of life;  
And last, unfading to thy latest hour,  
Loved in the friend, the woman, and the wife!

ANONYMOUS.



## WEDNESDAY.

Obsidian.—{ NOT GAY, BUT  
WINNING.

LET maiden's eyes dispense bright darts,  
To set mankind on fire;  
Let them great ecstasies impart,  
And kindle Love's desire!

This maiden, blest with milder charms,  
With gentler manners please;  
Insensibly the heart she warms,  
And gains by soft degrees.

So Cynthia, Heaven's enlivening queen,  
Serenely walks her way!  
Glides o'er the sky with placid mien,  
And cheers without a ray!

Such is this maiden! sweetly bright,  
Still easy, still the same!  
She guides us with a pleasing light,  
And cheers without a flame!

SAMUEL BOYSE. 1700.

## THURSDAY.

Slate.—{ YOU ARE  
CROSS.

CONSIDER, fair maid, and endeavor

To conquer that scorn in thy breast:

It is not a haughty behavior

Will set off thy charms at the best.

The ocean, when calm, may delight you,

But should a bold tempest arise,

The billows enraged would affright you;

Loud objects of awful surprise!

'T is thus when good humor diffuses

Its beams o'er the face of a fair,

With rapture his heart a man loses, —

While frowns turn love to despair.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM. 1700.



## FRIDAY.

Cornelian.—{ INCONSTANT.

To keep her were a task as vain,  
As count the drops of April rain;  
To sow in Afric's barren soil,  
Or tempests hold within a toil.

I know her well, — she 's light as air,  
False as the fowler's artful snare;  
Inconstant as the passing wind,  
As Winter's dreary frosts unkind.

She's such a miser too in love,  
Its joys she'll neither share nor prove,  
Though gallants by the hundred wait  
From her victorious eyes their fate.

So soft, so elegant, so fair,  
Sure something more than human's there;  
They must submit, for strife is vain,  
'T is destiny that forged the chain.

TOBIAS SMOLLETT. 1700.

## SATURDAY.

## Fire Opal.—{BENEVOLENCE.

IN love for every fellow-creature,  
Superior rise above the crowd;  
What most ennobles human nature,  
Was ne'er the portion of the proud.

Thine is the generous heart that borrows  
From others' joys a friendly glow,  
And for each hapless neighbor's sorrows  
Throbs with a sympathetic woe.

This is the temper most endearing;  
Though wide proud pomp her banner spreads,  
A heavenlier power good-nature bearing,  
Each heart in willing thralldom leads.

Wish not for beauty's darling features,  
Moulded by Nature's fondling power,  
For fairest forms 'mong human creatures,  
Shine but the pageants of an hour.

J. G. COOPER. 1700.

## JANUARY.

WHEN at the middle hour of Night,  
Died with a moan the poor Old Year,  
A friar came of orders white,  
And stretched the corse upon a bier:  
His scapulaire was thin and pale,  
And fashioned were the beads of hail  
That hung his neck around —  
Wild spirits of the creaking wood,  
Of withered leaves had made his hood,  
Of silver edging bound.

Saint Januarius had heard  
The summons of a Higher Power,  
To don his state, with ermine furred,  
And chant at midnight's dreary hour:  
Long looked he on the slumberer old,  
With hands upon the temples cold,  
To which a hoar-frost clung;

Then *requiescat* for the dead,  
Baring with reverence his head,  
The Holy Traveller sung :

“Rest, Traveller! the goal is gained!  
In shadeland rest forever more!  
Thy suns have set, thy moons have waned,  
Thine hours of bloom and blight are o'er.  
Dark was the twilight of thy days,  
No golden beam dispersed the haze,  
And Winter mocked thy sighs,  
While falling in the snow-drift down,  
And sent his Norland blast to drown  
With savage howl thy cries.

“Rest, Pilgrim, rest! the burthen grew  
Too heavy for thy back to bear—  
The glory that thy manhood knew  
Gave place to darkness and despair:  
The ticking note of falling snow  
Was little like the murmur low  
Of summer's gentle rain;

And oh! unlike her roses lost,  
Was the pale foliage by the Frost  
Traced on the rattling pane!

\* \* \* \* \*

"Huzzas that hail the new-born King  
Make discord in the lay I sing,  
And much must be untold,—  
With pale hands clasped upon thy breast,  
Rest! in the Land of Shadows, rest!  
Forever, Pilgrim old!"

W. H. C. HOSMER.



## SUNDAY.

Opal.—{ TRUST IN  
GOD.

TRUST in God! and he will guard thee!  
When the tempest threatens, ward thee  
In the chill and cheerless hour,  
He will light thy lonely bower;  
And when earth is dark and dreary,  
Pleasure palls and life grows weary,  
He will lend thee for the fight,  
Strength of more than mortal might.

Trust in God! the bleakest mountain  
Bears within its breast a fountain,  
Where the worn and weary rover  
May his failing strength recover.  
Every heart that looks above,  
Trusts in God, and shares his love,  
Is a fount of life, however  
Rough the channel of its river.

Trust in God! the things we cherish  
Most and fondest, soonest perish;  
Hopes the brightest quickly fly,  
Friends the truest, early die:  
But when hopes and joys decay,  
Friends and kindred pass away,—  
Trust in God! and he will be  
Worth the world beside to thee.

Trust in God! and when to death  
Yieldest thou at last thy breath,  
Angel-pinioned, thou wilt fly  
To his mansions in the sky;  
There the loved and lost will meet thee!  
There thy friend and God will greet thee!  
Freed from sin, from sorrow freed,  
Thou wilt then be blest indeed!

Io.



## MONDAY.

Satin Gypsum.—{<sup>SHE</sup>  
EXCELS.

COUNT all the flowers that deck the meadow's side,  
When Flora flourishes in new-born pride;  
Count all the sparkling orbits in the sky;  
Count all the birds that through the ether fly;  
Count all the foliage of the lofty trees,  
That fly before the bleak autumnal breeze;  
Count all the dewy blades of verdant grass;  
Count all the drops of rain that softly pass  
Through the blue ether, or tempestuous roar;  
Count all the sands upon the breaking shore;  
Count all the minutes since the world began;  
Count all the troubles of the life of man;  
And these together will not nearly tell  
The charms wherein this lady doth excel.

THOMAS CHATTERTON. 1750.



## TUESDAY.

Sardoin.—{ THE SAME  
ALWAYS.

WHEN first upon your tender cheek  
I saw the morn of beauty break  
    With mild and cheerful beam,  
I bowed before your infant shrine;  
The earliest sighs you had were mine!  
    And you my darling theme.

I saw you in that opening morn,  
For Beauty's boundless empire born,  
    And first confessed your sway;  
And ere your thoughts, devoid of art,  
Could learn the value of a heart,  
    I gave my heart away.

I watched the dawn of every grace,  
And gazed upon that angel-face,  
    While yet 't was safe to gaze;  
And fondly blessed each rising charm,  
Nor feared such innocence *could* harm  
    The peace of future days.

MRS. BARBAULD.

## WEDNESDAY.

Pearl.—{ YOU LOVE  
FERVENTLY.

OVER the mountains,  
Under the waves ;  
Under the fountains,  
Under the graves ;  
Under floods deepest,  
Which Neptune obey ;  
Over rocks steepest,  
Thy love finds its way.

Where there is no place  
For glow-worm to lie ;  
Where there is no space  
For receipt of a fly ;  
Where the midge will not venture,  
Lest herself fast she lay ;  
Thy love it will enter,  
'T will find out its way.

## THURSDAY.

Natrolite.—{<sup>TRUE</sup>INDEPENDENCE.

How happy were you born and taught !

You do not serve another's will ;

Your armor is your honest thought,

And simple truth your highest skill.

Your passions not your masters are ;

Your soul is still prepared for death ;

Not tied unto the world with care

Of prince's ear, or vulgar breath !

Your life is from all rumors freed ;

Your conscience is your strong retreat ;

Your state can neither flatterers feed,

Nor ruin make oppressors great.

And you are freed from servile bands

Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;

You rule yourself— though without lands,

And having nothing — you own all !

Altered from SIR HENRY WOTTON. 1600.

## FRIDAY.

Prase.—{ENERGY.

TRUE heart! Sink never!

Though darkly the clouds overshadow the sky,  
Yet the sun will beam forth when the shadows  
roll by, —

Darkness lasteth not ever!

Fond heart! faint never!

Though Eros may journey full many a mile,  
There 's an Anteros somewhere, with welcoming  
smile; —

Love endureth forever!

Bold heart! fail never!

Though fiercely the battle around thee may rage,  
Thou hast cast — take not up then thy venturesome  
gage,

Till thy chains thou shalt sever!

Young heart! hope ever!

No time for repining while work is undone!  
No harvesting time save when shineth the sun!  
O! repine ye then never!

A. J. H. DUGANNE.

## SATURDAY.

Jet.—} YOU ARE  
CONTENT.

You laugh not at another's loss,  
You grudge not at another's gain;  
No worldly wave your mind can toss,  
You brook what is another's bane:  
You fear no foe, nor fawn on friend;  
You loathe not life, nor dread your end.

You joy not in no earthly bliss;  
You weigh not Cræsus' wealth a straw;  
For care, you care not what it is;  
You fear not fortune's fatal law:  
Your mind is such as may not move  
For beauty bright, or force of love.

You wish but what you have at will;  
You wander not to seek for more;  
You like the plain, and climb no hill;  
In greatest storms you sit on shore,  
And laugh at them that toil in vain  
To get what must be lost again.

1600.

## FEBRUARY.

OLD churlish Winter's youngest child,  
Though here so boisterous and rude,  
In Egypt is *Phamènoth* styled,  
Of the fair moon that bringeth good :  
Her name in Arabic is sweet, —  
*Shasban*, or month with hope replete,  
Forerunner of bright days ;  
And *Adar* is his Jewish name,  
For then a purifying flame  
Flung far and wide its rays.

Tired of confining walls to-day,  
I wandered through the woods alone,  
And rime that clung to bough and spray,  
The richest jewelry outshone :  
The bitter-sweet on trunks of eld,  
That lovingly its stock upheld,  
Hung beads of coral bright,  
And tassels long, of rich brown hue,  
Upon the lowly alder grew,  
Refreshing to the sight.

Cold, naked arms the swamp ash spread,  
And bunches black its top that crowned,  
Seemed mourning badges for the dead  
And shrivelled leaves that lay around.  
Dry flags the brooklet overhung,  
And frozen was its silver tongue,  
That erst so gently spoke ; —  
The linnet's torn, deserted nest,  
Once shadowed by her downy breast,  
A haunting sadness woke.

A beech I spied with mouldering heart,  
That still retained its withered leaves,  
Like some poor mother, loth to part  
With the dead brood o'er which she grieves.  
Beneath my feet the crusted snow,  
Crackling, aroused from ambush low  
The partridge — hunted bird !  
And, loosened by a gleam of sun,  
Icicles, falling one by one,  
With tinkling sound, I heard.

The forest, though disrobed and cold,  
And robbed of bird and singing rill,

Is glorious with its columns old,  
And cheered by beauty's presence still.  
Wild vines to oak and elm that cling,  
Like cordage of a vessel swing,  
And rattle in the gale, —  
And moss, that gives decay a grace,  
The roughest spot on nature's face  
Hides with adorning veil.

W. H. C. HOSMER.





## SUNDAY.

Crysoberyl.—{ A CHEERFUL COUNTENANCE AND SAD HEART.

THEY call thee gay, and say thy heart  
Is filled with happiness and joy ;  
They count the smiles upon thy *brow*,  
And deem thy bliss without alloy :—  
Alas, they little know the dart  
That rankles in thy saddened soul ;  
They have not quaffed the bitter draught  
That brims in sorrow's poisoned bowl.

On Iceland's cold and dreary coast,  
'Neath the calm moonlight's gentle smile,  
From her steep mountain's loftiest peak,  
A ray of light streams o'er the isle.  
That radiance is deceitful shine,  
Its dazzling glories perish soon ;  
'T is but a peak of wintry ice,  
Cold-gleaming 'neath the cold, pale moon.

And let the radiance of thy heart  
Beam out as do the rays of noon, —  
'T is but a frozen peak of ice,  
Glistening beneath the silent moon!

J. W. H.



## MONDAY.

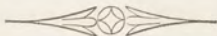
Cornaline.—{FLATTERY.

WHEN Flora decks the mantling bowers  
In elegant array,  
And scatters all the opening flowers,  
A compliment to May, —

With glowing joy my bosom beats;  
I gaze delighted round,  
And wish to see the various sweets  
In one rich nosegay bound.

'T is granted, and their bloom displayed  
To bless my wondering view;  
I see them all, my beauteous maid,  
I see them all in you!

JOHN CUNNINGHAM. 1700.



## TUESDAY.

Lepidolite.—{ QUIET AND  
GOOD.

A PEACEFUL spirit of content,  
By nature clothed in smiles of light,  
Which passion never warped or bent,  
But buoyant, cheerful, happy, bright —  
I see thee, with a quiet grace,  
Make "sunshine in a shady place."

A bubbling spring within a dell,  
That sings in sunshine and in shade,  
Betokeneth thy spirit well,  
With which this life hath only played —  
A blessing, wheresoe'er it be,  
To glad all hearts unconsciously.

No selfish hope, no envious stain,  
Hath curdled thy unconsciousness;  
Thy willing heart doth not disdain  
The lowliest duty that can bless;

A lamp of love whose light is fed  
By thoughts of purest wishes bred.

Thy heart is happiest while it gives —  
    Its glowing wealth is never slacked,  
But yet, whenever it receives,  
    Thy gratitude o'ertops the fact —  
And many bless the saddened hours  
On which thy hand hath scattered flowers.

Thy love, impassionate and mild,  
    With charity doth most abide —  
It is no torrent gushing wild,  
    But peaceful, and of even tide —  
Where gentle hopes, and thoughts subdued,  
Lie imaged in a sunny mood.

Thus live forever, happy heart !  
    Live on in quiet peace and bless ;  
Live flower-like thy contented part,  
    Removed from passion's stormy stress —  
Bloom on beside time's ebbless river,  
Till death transplant to bloom forever !

W. W. STORY.

## WEDNESDAY.

Nephrite.—{ YOU ARE  
FALSE; GO!

FALSE one, farewell! thou hast released  
The fire imprisoned in my breast;  
Your beauties make not half the show  
They did a year or two ago;

For now I find  
The beauties those fair walls enshrined,  
Foul and deformed appear;

Ah! where  
In woman is a spotless mind?

I was betrayed by that false sign  
To entertainment cold within;  
But found that fine-built fabric lined  
With so ill-contrived a mind,

That now I must  
Nevermore trust  
The face that so beguiles  
With smiles!—

\* \* \* \*

Philosophers their pains may spare,  
Perpetual motion where to find:  
If such a thing be anywhere,  
'T is, Woman! in thy fickle mind!

CHAS. COTTON. 1650.



## THURSDAY.

Hyanite.—{ A POOR  
MARRIAGE.

How uneasy is his life,  
Who shall ever have a wife!  
Be she ne'er so fair or comely,  
Be she ne'er so foul or homely,  
Be she ne'er so young and toward,  
Be she ne'er so old and froward,  
Be she kind with arms enfolding;  
Be she cross, and always scolding,  
Be she blithe or melancholy,  
Have she wit, or have she folly,  
Be she wary, be she squand'ring,  
Be she staid, or be she wand'ring,  
Be she constant, be she fickle,  
Be she fire, or be she ickle,—  
Yet uneasy is his life  
Who shall ever have a wife!

CHAS. COTTON. 1650.



## FRIDAY.

Aquamarine.—{FALSEHOOD.

STILL do the stars impart their light  
To those that travel in the night ;  
Still time runs on, nor doth the hand  
Or shadow on the dial stand ;  
The streams still glide, and constant are :

Only thy mind  
Untrue I find,  
Which carelessly  
Neglects to be

Like stream, or shadow, hand or star.

Fool that I am ! I do recall  
My words, and say thou 'rt like them all ;  
Thou seem'st like stars to nourish fire,  
But oh ! how cold is thy desire ;  
And like the hand upon the brass,

Thou point'st at me  
In mockery ;  
If I come nigh,  
Shade-like thou 'lt fly,

And as the stream, with murmur pass.

WM. CARTWRIGHT. 1600.

## SATURDAY.

Fortification Agate.—{ CONSTANT  
LOVE.

No more shall meads be decked with flowers,  
Nor sweetness dwell in rosy bowers ;  
Nor greenest buds on branches spring,  
Nor warbling birds delight to sing ;  
Nor April violets paint the grove,  
If ever you forsake your love.

The fish shall in the ocean burn,  
And fountains sweet shall bitter turn ;  
The humble oak no flood shall know  
When floods shall highest hills o'erflow ;  
Black Lethe shall Oblivion leave,  
If ever you your friend deceive.

Love shall his bow and shaft lay by,  
And Venus' doves want wings to fly ;  
The sun refuse to show his light,  
And day shall then be turned to night ;  
And in that night no star shall shine,  
Ere you will turn your heart from mine.

THOMAS CAREW. 1600.

## L'Envoi.

## I.

THE lamp in its socket  
Is glimm'ring and dying ;—  
Cold, cold on the hearth-stone  
Dead ashes are lying ;—  
The forests are silent :  
The birds are all wandering,  
And on the dim Past  
Our sad thoughts are pondering  
Evermore !

## II.

The Book is now closed ;  
Its sweet thoughts are ended ;  
'Mong the cares of this world  
Its memories are blended !—  
Not on the heart's altar  
*Its* embers are perishing ;—  
The breath of the spirit  
The soft flame is cherishing  
Evermore !

J. W. HANSON.

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